By that same houre on warrant of their faith,
Philip Plantaginet, a bird of swiftest wing,
Lord *Eustauce*, *Vescy*, Lord *Cressy*, and Lord *Mowbery*,
Appointed meeting at S. *Edmunds* shrine.

Pemb. Vntill their presence, Ile conceale my tale,
Sweete complices in holy Christian acts,
That venture for the purchase of renowne,
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolue,
That pawne their bodies for their soules regard.

Essex, Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
In Pilgrimes habite comes our holy troupe
A furlong hence, with swift vnwoonted pace,
May be they are the persons you expect.

Pemb. With swift vnwoonted gate, see what a thing is
That spurs them on with feruence to this shrine, (zeale,
Now ioy come to them for their true intent:
And in good time, here come the war-men all,
That sweate in body by the minds disease:
Hap and hearts-ease braue Lordings be your lot.

Enter the Bastard Philip, &c.

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,
And all that trauell in a Christian cause.

Essex, Cheerely repli'd braue branch of Kingly stocke,
A right *Plantaginet* should reason so.
But silence Lords, attend your commings cause:
The seruile yoke that pained vs with toyle,
On strong instinct hath fram'd this conuenticle,
To ease our neckes of seruitudes contempt.
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,
Which of you all so barren in conceite,
As cannot leuell at the man I meane?
But lest Enigm's shadow shining truth,
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no art.
Th'effect of this resort importeth this,
To roote and cleane extirpate tyrant *Iohn*,
Tyrant I say, appealing to the man,

If any here that loues him, and I aske,
What kindship, lenitie, or christian raigne,
Rules in the man to barre this foule impeach?
First I inferre the *Chesters* banishment:
For reprehending in most vnchristian crimes,
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.
But were this all, the diuell should be sau'd,
But this the least of many thousand faults,
That circumstance with leysure might display.
Our priuate wrongs no parcell of my tale
Which now in presence, but for some great cause
Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.
But shall I close the period with an act
Abhorring in the eares of Christian men:
His cousins death, that sweet vnguilty childe,
Vntimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
Heere are my proofes as cleere as grauell brooke,
And on the same I further must inferre,
That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
To shew the which is yet to be describ'd.
My Lord of *Pembrooke*, shew what is behinde,
Onely I say, that were there nothing else
To moue vs, but the Popes most dreadfull curse,
Whereof we are assured, if wee faile,
It were enough to instigate vs all,
With earnestnesse of spirit, to seeke a meane
To dispossesse *Iohn* of his regiment.

Pemb. Well hath my Lord of Essex told his tale,
Which I auerre for most substantiall truth,
And more to make the matter to our minde,
I say that *Lewis* in challenge of his wife,
Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,
To all that longeth to our English crowne.
Short tale to make, the Sea Apostolike,
Hath offred dispensation for the fault.